

for there was something so droll in thus carrying on the Dispute, that before they got to the End of the Argument, they saw the Absurdity of it, laughed, kissed, and were Friends.

Just as Mrs. *Margery* had settled this Difference between *John* and his Wife, the Children (who had been sent out to play, while that Business was transacting) returned some in Tears, and others very disconsolate for the Loss of a little Dormouse they were very fond of, and which was just dead. Mrs. *Margery*, who had the Art of moralizing and drawing Instructions from every Accident, took this Opportunity of reading them a Lecture on the Uncertainty of Life, and the Necessity of being always prepared for Death. You should
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get up in the Morning, says she, and so conduct yourselves, as if that Day was to be your last, and lie down at Night, as if you never expected to see this World any more. This may be done, says she, without abating of your Chearfulness, for you are not to consider Death as an Evil, but as a Convenience, as an useful Pilot, who is to convey you to a Place of greater Happiness: Therefore, play my dear Children, and be merry; but be innocent and good. The good Man sets Death at Defiance, for his Darts are only dreadful to the Wicked.

After this, she permitted the Children to bury the little Dormouse, and desired one of them to write his Epitaph, and here it is.

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Epitaph